

The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,  
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,  
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

*Cla.* I know it pleaseeth neither of vs well.

*Glo.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.  
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,  
Meane time haue patience.

*Cla.* I must preforce, farewell.

*Exit. Cla.*

*Glo.* Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,  
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,  
If heauen will take the present at our hands:  
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

*Glo.* As much vnto my good-Lord Chamberlaine:  
Well are you welcome to this open aire,  
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

*Hast.* With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:  
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,  
That were the cause of my imprisonment,

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,  
For thay that were your enemies are his,  
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pittie that the Eagle should be mewd,  
While Kites and Buzars prey at libertie.

*Glo.* What newes abroad?

*Hast.* No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:  
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,  
And his Phisitians feare him mightily.

*Glo.* Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,  
Oh he hath kept an euil diet long,  
And ouermuch consumed his royall person,  
Tis very greuous to be thought vpon,  
What, is he in his bed?

*Hast.* He is.

*Glo.* Goe you before, and I will follow you,  
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die  
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen,  
He into vrge his hatred more to Clarence.

*Exit. Hast.*

of Richard

With lyes well steeld with weight  
And if I faile not in my deepe intent  
Clarence hath not another day  
Which done, God take King Edward  
And leaue the world for me to be  
For then Ile marry Warwicks yo  
What though I kild her husband  
The readiest way to make the world  
Is to become her husband and he  
The which will I, not all so much  
As for another secret close intent  
By marrying her which I must re  
But yet I run before my horse to  
Clarence still breathes, Edward  
When they are gone, then must

*Enter Lady Anne, with*

*Lady Anne.* Set downe, set do  
If honour may be shrowded in a  
Whilest I a while obsequiously  
The vntimely fall of vertuous L  
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy  
Pale ashes of the house of Lanca  
Thou bloodles remnant of that  
Beit lawfull that I inuocate thy g  
To heare the lamentations of po  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaug  
Stabd by the selfesame hands th  
Loe, in those windowes that let f  
I powre the helpelesse blame of  
Curst be the hand that made the  
Curst be the heart that had the h  
More direfull hap betide that ha  
That makes vs wretched by the c  
Then I can wish to adders, spider  
Or any creeping venomde thing  
If euer he haue child, abortiue b  
Prodigious and vntimely broug  
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspe  
May fright the hopefull mother